

Europe is as unhappy as if it had just lost the baseball pennant.

Straw hats still linger, but chiefly as the guise of next year's head nests.

In some ways an oyster is like an egg. You never can tell till you open it.

As is well known, a handsome woman can be attractive in almost any style.

If hobble skirts are made any tighter, the wearers will not even be able to hobble.

A man out west is trying to regain a fortune by newspaper work. No wonder he lost it.

The cost of dying has gone up 33 1/3 per cent., and some feel that they cannot afford the expense.

Elijah may have been the first aviator, but there was no promoter there to collect the gate receipts.

It is hinted that the Mona Lisa was stolen by an artist. He certainly was an artist at getting away with it.

We have reason to believe that the new "ankleview" skirt will cause mere men to sit up and take notice.

The correct may go, as fashion dictators say, but we may rest assured that something worse will be substituted.

Professor Brooks' comet is thus far obscured by clouds, but the presumption is that it is keeping its advertisement date.

Another unsuccessful attempt has been made to swim the English channel. But why try to swim when it is so easy to fly across?

There is a form of butter in India called "ghee." We will hazard the opinion that some of our own cold storage kind beats it.

Fruit pests are being killed by electricity in Spokane valley. The modern agriculturist earns his bread by the hum of his motor.

Hay fever may be a sign of brains, but a good many people are willing to forego the brains if, by doing so, they can get rid of the fever.

An expert tells us that birds spread disease. This probably will be seized upon by the ladies as a pretext to wear dead birds on their hats.

A New York policeman who rescued a girl from drowning was rewarded with a kiss and a hug. Here is a suggestion for Andrew Carnegie.

The trouble between Germany and England reminds us of a quarrel between two prominent pugilists. All the fighting is done in the newspapers.

The census gives Nevada only seven tenths of a man to the square mile. There are in Nevada a good many square miles that don't deserve even that much.

Highwaymen, after robbing a Chicago man, took away all his clothing and left him shivering in the street. It may become necessary to have empty barrels left around at convenient places.

A Chicago man is suing for divorce because his wife has been throwing things at him for nineteen years. Probably he is tired of paying for having the dents taken out of the ceiling.

These velours hats for men are lovely things. So are china eggs.

A Boston girl, who proclaimed her right to choose a husband for herself, has received one hundred proposals of marriage. Declarations of independence are now in order.

We are told that the yelling of a parrot in New York saved twenty-five lives in a burning building. It also saved the feathers of the parrot, which was a question of far more concern to said parrot.

A man in Pennsylvania hanged himself because his crop of tobacco was too large to store in his barn. Hounded to death by too much prosperity, he fell a victim to the inconsistency of human wishes.

Isn't it about time to invoke the clause of the constitution prohibiting cruel and unusual forms of punishment? A New York magistrate told the wife of a man brought before him on a serious charge to take him home and tell him what she thought of him.

Thus far the air is not darkened by aviators making transcontinental tours.

A fireman has beaten Weston's walking record from coast to coast, but Weston still holds the record for 61-year-old pedestrians with gray mustaches.

We are told that the summer has been too hot for oysters. We also have reason to believe that some sections of it were too hot for human beings.

We have not had the pleasure of seeing any of those "aeroplane" hats, but we presume that they come high.

Simplified spelling is still struggling along, but whether it is merely generalized energy or the reform is dying hard, is difficult to determine. The majority of the world is going on spelling in the same old way, and, perhaps, to emphasize the resistance to the crusade, Pittsburgh has recently definitely struck a superfluous "h" to its rear end and, like a danger signal, flaunted in the face of reform.

IS WORST OF JOKES

HARD TO TAKE THE TARIFF BOARD SERIOUSLY.

We May Ultimately Come Under Rule of Tariff Board, but We Scarcely Need It to Investigate the Shell Game.

We wish we could take that tariff board seriously in all respects, but it is impossible. For 40 years now the high taxes have been marking up tariffs. Poor fellows; they never had a tariff board. They simply consulted their inward sentiments. If the spirit moved them to buy a private yacht, to build a \$250,000 cottage by the sea or to endow a library or university, they told the people in Washington that they wanted more tariff to assist in the enterprise and they got it.

The process was the easiest imaginable. It was like the first law of nature, which is to help yourself. No body ever thought of calling it scientific. It was not even expert. With most practitioners the work was coarse, if not clumsy. Would a duck swim? Would a hungry man eat? Would a boy attend a circus?

Those were great and primitive days. You saw what you wanted and you took it. In the course of time it became necessary to apologize occasionally for taking too much and to offer excuses for taking it from the wrong man, but the domain of science was not invaded and a tariff board was unheard of.

It now appears that all this use of the power to tax everybody for the benefit of somebody was highly scientific and that only scientists of the first order of merit can undo any part of it. Who should amputate a limb but a surgeon? Shall the intricacies of a costly chronometer be entrusted to the clumsy hands of a wood chopper? Is the average American well enough acquainted with the higher mathematics to be able to throttle a scientist who chances to be rifling his pockets?

These are profound and harrowing questions, but we nevertheless believe that what was done by one instrumentality may be undone by the same agency. It may be that we shall ultimately come under the sovereign rule of the tariff board, but we hardly need it to investigate the shell game or to make a report upon the newest get-rich-quick scheme. Designing women whose object is matrimony, learned metallurgists who know how to dispose of gold bricks, and skilled engravers having an oversupply of greenbacks may find it profitable on occasion to refer their clients to a tariff board, but it will be only for the purpose of gaining a little time. The sleuths will be upon their trail in a minute.

Trusts at Trusts.
The department of justice is said to have a thousand complaints against the trusts upon its books. Investigation of alleged violations of the Sherman anti-trust law leads the department to believe that it can carry through several prosecutions with success before the end of the year.

The decisions in the cases against the Standard Oil company and the American Tobacco company proved that the Sherman law could deal with the trusts so far as to halt their policies of greed and tyranny. But they have not shown that the trust problem could be settled thereby. What are half a dozen suits, or half a hundred for that matter, as against the formation and the conduct of new combinations, new trade associations, new pools and new agreements? They amount to no more than the pin prick in the hide of a rhinoceros.

Only a few politicians who still perceive advertising material in the denunciation of the trusts pretend that prosecution can ever effectively stay the course of economic evolution. They but help to postpone the discovery of the solution. The real work of dealing with the difficulty lies with those who are confident that regulation, not foolish attempts at destruction, constitutes the answer.

Mr. Taft's Form of "Recall."
President Taft has manifested something akin to bitterness in his opposition to the recall feature of "progressive" politics.

All the same, he is on a trip of speechmaking, with the purpose of urging the recall of every congressman who does not agree with his policies.

For Mr. Taft, recall by law is all wrong; but recall at the behest of the president is all right.

Those eminent financiers who say that agitation is bad for business should have thought of that before they agitated for so much tariff and such a lax enforcement of the laws that especially concern their enterprises.

Protectionists and beneficiaries of government favoritism to the few at the expense of the many are rejoicing throughout the world over the blow to commercial freedom in Canada.

To Remove Mildew From Linen.
To remove mildew stains from linen, a simple and effective method is to soak the injured portion of the linen in sour buttermilk. Let it soak thus all night and in the morning spread the material in the sun to bleach. If the marks are not entirely removed repeat the process and with a little patience the stains will entirely disappear. If the stains are long set they may be obstinate to remove and in that case you may be obliged to treat them with javelle water. Dissolve a tablespoonful of chloride of lime in one quart of hot water, pour off the clear liquid and immerse the stained part of the linen in this for a short time, rinsing through two or three waters as soon as the marks are seen to have disappeared.

Mr. Taft's tariff board is short on funds, can report only on the wool and cotton schedules with the money now at hand, and fears a new appropriation cannot be had from a Democratic house. A little thing like that would never have bothered Mr. Roosevelt.

IS VERY BAD EITHER WAY

Taft's Veto of the Wool Bill May Cause Him Many a Bad Quarter on an Hour.

We are confident that President Taft, by his veto of the wool bill, has prepared many a bad quarter of an hour for himself. It may appear that he has done an uncomfortable disservice to his tariff board by so much insisting upon the necessity of basing revision of the schedules upon its report and findings.

The Underwood revision of the wool schedule Mr. Taft found to be unacceptable, because it had been prepared without information as to cost differences and other factors which the tariff board is engaged in studying. The general opinion of the country, we are sure, is that, in signing a bill which reduces the run of duties on woolen fabrics from 95 per cent. to 45 per cent, he would have run no great risk of sanctioning duties too low to meet differences of production cost and the "reasonable profit" to American manufacturers. However, he was of a different opinion, and vetoed the bill. Now, suppose the report of the tariff board should be of such a nature as to justify rates below those fixed in the Underwood bill. That would show that Mr. Taft had entirely misjudged the result and had done injustice to his authors. In imposing haste and recklessness to them in preparing the new rates. On the other hand, suppose the board's report should indicate the necessity of duties considerably higher than those fixed in the Underwood bill. Does the president suppose, do the woolen manufacturers or the friends of protection generally imagine for a moment, that the country would accept such a report as a fair and impartial presentation of facts fit to serve as a basis for the revision of that schedule? Would it not, on the contrary, be everywhere said that the president's tariff board was but a part of the great protectionist organization, co-operating with the Republican party and with the president himself to maintain the "indefensible" duties of schedule K?

It seems to us that embarrassments which might easily have been avoided by signing the wool bill have been deliberately invited by the veto.

Just Like Him.
Some exceedingly powerful business combinations being involved in the matter, the president's action in the case of Doctor Wiley is inconclusive. Mr. Taft exonerates Wiley from trifling charges trumped up against him, but he does not go to the root of the matter at all.

The department of agriculture is presided over by an aged person of the name of Wilson. It actually is run by a young and active person of the name of McCabe. It is McCabe who has made most of the trouble for Wiley. Wiley wants to enforce the pure food law. McCabe seems to have other views.

If the president were constitutionally and temperamentally capable of taking a position and holding it, his finding in favor of Doctor Wiley in the recent absurd little controversy would have necessitated the prompt elimination of McCabe from the public service. Instead of separating McCabe from his usurped position in the department, however, Mr. Taft banishes him. He is too stout, too merry, too keenly intent upon travel to make a thorough job of anything in which private interests appear in antagonism to those of the people.

To Him That Hath.
Since the first of the year, sugar has advanced something more than 93 per cent. According to the calculations of Wall street brokers, the sugar trust profits to the extent of \$40,000,000 as a result.

Under decisions of United States courts, the trust was obliged to pay the government several million dollars because of wholesale dishonesty. Of course, that was unpleasant for the trust management.

But, by the tariff schedules and the short sugar-beet crop, the robbers have been furnished conditions to offset the incommensurate requirements of the law.

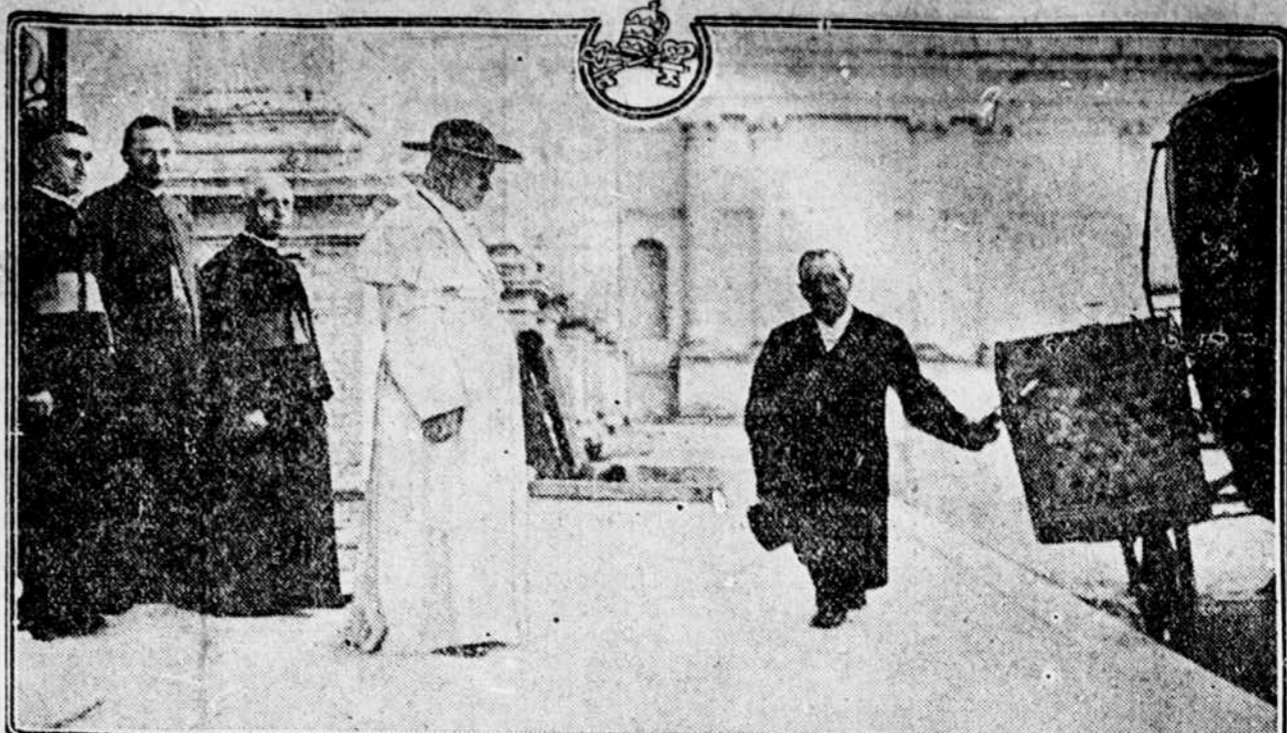
"To him that hath shall be given"—so long as tariff extortions shall be permitted.

Great Combination.
If Mr. Clark is elected president next year, a congress Democratic in both branches is likely to supplement that result, and the first business in hand in 1913—probably in the spring—will be recall revision. The Payne law will come in for a complete overhauling. What then shall we see? A man in the White House familiar with the tariff from a Democratic point of view, a man in the speakership—Mr. Underwood—familiar with the man in the White House, and some man chairman of ways and means familiar with both. A majority of the majority of the house will be men who have served with the president in congress. The combination will be as closely knitted as was that of McKinley, Reed and Dingley.

Land of the Tenderfoot.
In the western countries where the aridity of the land calls for irrigation the ranchers are clamoring for a shoe that will be a practically waterproof proposition and at the same time give comfort. It is a fact that the western country is hard on feet. The old term "tenderfoot" seems to have foundation in fact. Rubber boots have had the call so far, but a smooth tannage of calf treated to make it pliable and light in weight and turn damp will be a hit.

Doesn't it grind a little against the dry-horned brain-pan of the ultimate consumer that about \$70,000,000 of the increased yearly cost of sugar sold in the United States goes into the pockets of the sugar trust? The heavy sugar tax that is gathered into the federal treasury helps to keep the wheels of government greased. This burden may be borne with some degree of unanimity; but why should the people toil and toil to pile up increased wealth for fiscally underservers?

POPE PIUS RECOVERS HIS HEALTH



GOING FOR A CARRIAGE RIDE

THIS photograph of His Holiness Pope Pius X arrived the other day from Rome. It shows him leaving the Vatican in order to take the first carriage ride of his convalescence. To the left is a group of high ecclesiastics; to the right the footman, in the act of opening the carriage door and making an obsequious bow. Added interest attaches to this photograph by reason of the fact that the Pope said of it and others that were taken at the same time: "Give them as large a circulation as possible, thus showing to the world my complete recovery."

SPELL HOLDING WIFE

Woman's Heart is Breaking Because Friends Forsake Her.

Mrs. Charlie Song Endures Seven Years of Torture, but Cannot Break Oriental's Charm—Was His Sunday School Teacher.

New York.—A contrast of religion and hideous vice, of the utmost common place and the fantastic was the story told by Mrs. Charlie Song, who had been seized in Newark, N. J., in a federal raid on Chinese opium smugglers in her rooms in the Newark Chinatown the other afternoon.

Mrs. Song is an American woman and graduated to her present position as wife of a Chinese from being his preceptor in a Sunday school.

"Seven years of hell," is the way she characterizes her sojourn among the yellow men. She says her life there has been one long fight against slavery for herself, yet she has been unable to leave because of some subtle spell that her association with them has cast over her. She is not an opium user nor a drinking woman, she says, and in spite of her troubles she has kept her religious enthusiasm. At first she was afraid to admit a reporter to her room, as she was afraid of the vengeance of the Chinese whose secrets she holds and who may be implicated at the hearing. She probably will be called as a witness.

"I was a country girl," she said. "I married and moved to Newark. My husband and my two children died, and for two years I was very lonely. I did always own religious and interested in missionary work, so to bury my trouble I began to teach a class in the Chinese Sunday school of the Centenary Methodist Episcopal church. Charlie Song being among my pupils."

"On New Year's in 1905, he asked me to go to New York with him and see the time celebrated among his own people. Other teachers went on such excursions with their pupils, so I saw nothing wrong in it.

"I refused to have any wine, because

I had never drunk any, but he told me the rice wine was harmless. I drank two tiny cups. I could scarcely see the table, the wine went to my head so. Then he said, 'I love you. I will never let you go away now. You marry me. We go to China, be missionaries together.'

"We went to the home of Rev. George Dowd at 90 Madison avenue, and he married us. Then we went right home, I to my home and Charlie to his. Next day, when I realized what I had done, it seemed to me that I would die with shame. That has been my hell ever since—to be ashamed, to be cut off from my people, to have everybody think I am an outcast, something unspeakable, the wife of a Chinaman."

"Finally we went to living together. The first few months he was a wonderful lover. Then he changed. 'I have been praying and praying this last year that some way would open for me to get away. I have tried to leave, but there is something, a sort of hypnotism that draws a woman back. A Chinaman never loses his influence over a woman when he has once had it. You have no idea how many white women are here in Newark living with Chinese. Some are girls in their early teens.'

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Apothecaries' hall was first built in 1633 on the site of Lady Howard of Edingham's town house. This building was destroyed in the great fire of London and the present hall was erected in 1670. It doesn't amount to much architecturally, but it is packed full of fine carvings, splendid old furniture and interesting relics of the development of medicine.

The Apothecaries company is one of the great London companies whose members elect the alderman and the lord mayor. It is the only one that has retained control of the trade whose name it bears. Originally the apothecaries belonged to the Grocers' company, but in 1617 they obtained a separate charter from King James I. on the ground that "the ignorance and rashness of promiscuous empirics and inexperienced men may be restrained, whereby many discommodities, inconveniences and perils do arise to the rude and credulous people." This charter gave the members of the company the sole right of "exercising the art, faculty or mystery of an apothecary within the city of London or a radius of seven miles." Among other privileges it granted the company the right to burn before the offender's door all impure drugs.

Even in those days the prescribing druggist was a problem, and in 1687 the College of Physicians denounced the Apothecaries company for selling advice as well as medicine. The company retaliated by setting up a medical school, and in 1721 the house of lords confirmed the right of its members to prescribe as well as to sell drugs. Many a father of medicine in the American colonies undoubtedly learned his profession in this school.

Another London Relic Lost.
Apothecaries' Hall, Quaint Old Building, to Be Supplanted by a More Modern Structure.

London.—Old London, which is disappearing rapidly before the march of improvement, is about to lose one of its most interesting buildings, the Apothecaries company having announced that it is about to let on building lease the greater part of its land in Water Lane, just round the corner from Printing House square, where the London Times is published. This land is the site of Apothecaries' hall, a quaint old building now almost hidden from sight by the tall business structures that surround it.

Diver Makes Record.
Los Angeles, Cal.—Ford Traville, a professional diver at Avalon, Catalina island, has made what is claimed to be a world's record for diving. Clad in a common bathing suit, Traville dragged a half-inch rope down 65 feet below the surface and made it fast to an anchor lying on the bottom. Traville was down two minutes.

Sometimes an officeholder has more of a pull than a dentist.

Then again our world enlarges with our sympathies. Sympathy is closer still than interest, as it involves our hearts. People who lack sympathy live in a small barren world, but those who have wide and warm sympathies melt easily into the lives of others and thus enlarge and enrich their own world. And in our sympathies we ought to be bigger than the narrow circle of our own friends, our church or our country. Whoever cuts another human being out of his sympathy by so much narrows and impoverishes his own world, and by as much as we make our sympathies broad and tender we enlarge our world and make it rich.

Finally let us ever remember with the psalmist, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." That lifts it into divine relations and worth. From this point of view we see the world falling fresh from the creative hand of God, developing under his providence, redeemed by his grace and being rebuilt even in our day, into a universal kingdom of brotherhood and love. We are co-workers with him and are now building this new and better world, however insignificant or dark, in the light of his plan and presence, and this fills our world with divine purpose and grace.

Our world thus widens out until it is lost in the full splendor of God and is great with his greatness.

Thus our world is little or big, according to our knowledge, interest, sympathy and faith, and by increasing these we enlarge and enrich our world. A big soul will build a big world. One of large vision and wide interests, or tender sympathies and a masterful faith cannot be shut up within the narrow confines of personal self-interest and littleness of spirit, but will ever build a large and richer world. Then, too, a big world helps tremendously to make a big soul. Our environment calls us out, as it were, so that we stretch our powers to match its appeals. Soul and world thus work together to widen each other out into larger relations. We should work at both ends of the problem, striving to build a bigger world and grow a larger soul.

The Life Beautiful.
"What is your life? It is even a vapor," James iv: 14.

If our life is to be beautiful and blessed, we must place it on a right basis. Look at the vapor when it trails along the earth—cold, ash, drawn up into heaven, see it glow with the colored brightness of gold and beryl, topaz, chrysolite and sapphire, and you might think it the holy city that John saw, having the glory of God, and whose light was like a Jasper stone, clear as crystal. Human life is nothing until you lift it into the sky. Our great fault is that we live too near the ground, and therefore is our life full of perplexity and sadness. Let us mount nearer heaven, and the rich and strange shall become familiar; our souls shall be pure, our path luminous, our hope sublime, our joy full.—W. L. Watkinson, D. D.

Two Queer Fish.
Boston.—A codfish which chewed tobacco and an electric skate which smoked are among the fish landed at T wharf, called by Bostonians the world's greatest fish market.

The schooner Oliver P. Hutchins captured the eccentric codfish. When its cook opened a ten-pound cod for dinner, he found a cigar and a quid of tobacco.

The electric skate was brought in by a power dory. The skipper related that when he opened the skate he found a bone-stemmed corn-cob pipe filled with half-burned tobacco that still smoked.

Aeros Hunt Out Submarines.
Cherbourg.—Interesting tests of aeroplanes against submarine boats have been carried out here. The problem of the air men was to locate submerged boats from a height of 2,600 feet over a radius of 3,280 feet, the submarines being plunged 163 feet. Aviators Aubin and De Veitain located the boats and reported within a half hour.